

Posthomerica

By

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Last Edit: 03-12-1984

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After they did what it was proper for Hector
They entered the city and had the funeral feast;
They closed the gates with bars and fastened well with bolts,

They still prepared the towers with all the mighty forces, Fearing they'd be destroyed by the hands of the Argives.	5
While they were shedding tears for the great fatherland, on the third dawn, through Thermodon, was passing and there she came, Penthesilea, great-hearted daughter of Otrera, the well-born, natural princess of the Amazons. Quintus later came to sing a song about them, of how, while haunting, had she killed her sister Hippolyta, from abomination had she fled and others twelve had followed. Let's see what Quintus says about this in his songs, and Hellanicus and Lysias and many more illustrious men.	10
They say she came to Troy because of her own goodness and glorified herself as if had joined a wedlock. For it's ill-omened to them to go in bed with men unless they're proved, in war, to be better than them. They wonder whether Penthesilea went there on her own, or had she gone there due to Hector's gifts. At hearing Hector's fate, she wanted to return.	15
But then old Priam stopped her and gave her lots of presents, for she had with her many men of renowned Scythian archers and infantry and cavalry and war-loving men and women, whom she readily led and kindly loved.	20
But when the woman came to view in front of the city of Troy every single citizen (of Troy) threw himself around her as everyone was overcome by this war-lover woman's marvel and, consequently, the old man welcomed her into his palace.	25
But after many days, she cheered their spirit up, she hit the horses' knees and they with force had followed, and then she armed the people of Troy as well as hers and stood there in the middle, the Gods themselves resembling. The Trojan women were praying, that she would take revenge for the brave Hector destroying the Argives into the whirlpool of the sea.	30
She would have brought fulfilment to those women's prayers; many a time she drifted the Achaeans into the sea's waves. But the almighty wily Cronus had made it difficult for her since he had plotted mournful death for Troy by the Achaeans and let Troy fall upon the sword of the descendants of Aeacus, yet she remained a powerful and an unyielding woman. Therefore she armed herself as well as all these people and burst forth from the gates of Troy; the people went so glad when saw her getting ready and duly equipping the ranks.	35
She sent the arrow-holders on the right side of the fence to stand and armed foot-soldiers on each side of the iron made fence. Then Paris and Lycaon came, among the archer men, And Hellenus and Pammon and heroic Hippothous. Deiphobus and the leader of soldiers Polydamas and Agathon, Aesacus, Antiphonus and noble Polites,	40
	45
	50

Troilus and Aeneas who had the command of the horses.
They got equipped again with shields and swords and helmets.
The dawn was shining while the strong Earth moaning
under the settling of the arms and the strong horses. 55

She was distinguished among the body of the horsemen,
beautiful Penthesilea, great-hearted daughter of Otrera.
She put on a bright armour made of silver
and had upon her head a shiny stony helmet,
she was sparkling like the light and like the lovely amethyst. 60

In front of view of her loins only tremor and quiver,
nothing but shiny gold is suited to this woman.
She was holding a strong shield in her left arm;
where there were Ares and Eros and Penthesilea.
Both Eros and Ares were fighting for this woman. 65

There are some paintings where they look so vivid.
On the one hand Eros said the girl was his.
His, said Ares on the other; in the middle stood the girl
being eminently brilliant in beauty and in raiment.
Then Eros seized her helmet to admire her face, 70

the same did Ares; while hidden kissed her head.
She had her shield in her left hand
and in her right she had a sword like lightning.
She sat on a dark-coloured horse of a curved skin;
His splendour was visible from his dark-coloured mane. 75

He carried her away, the comely strong-hearted girl.
He was running exultingly, sparkling from his eyes fire;
He didn't want to touch the ground nor turn around;
He rushed forward his way into the air.
The Trojan swarm was happy looking at her; 80

The Argives, though, at her sight had their beloved hearts frozen.
They marshalled in three bodies to be strong enough if necessary;
so there were Menelaus, Teucer and Meriones
and with them the cunning son of Arceisiades.

They dominated among the vigorous arrow-holders. 85
Then Ajax quickly had his warriors equipped,
And Nestor and Idomeneus, Ialmenus and Agamemnon,
And Menestheus, the son of Aecus, who constrains the horses
and the son of Tydeus and others many in horses experts.
They marshalled the ranks of the army making them more crowded 90
and equipped them well; but still they didn't hold her back.
Those ranks were newly made, also unbroken,
they sat on immense horses of strong knees,
and had their eyes upon their queen, Penthesilea,
who firmly drove them into the mouth of those men's ranks. 95

The Argives were on the expiry of the tenth year of the war,
after painful wails and with their horses left behind,
wandering through dense woods and unstringing their bows
and being pushed in ambushes by troops of horse riders.
Then, uncontrollable Penthesilea slayed them 100
and many great men and women had followed her.

The entire Trojan ground was covered with dead people.
 What can be said about the Achaeans that fell that day.
 It was a force like the wild noise of the north wind
 that unexpectedly blows in the evening on winter time, 105
 that freezes brilliant waters and turns them into snow
 and covers the entire surface of the earth on every side.
 Until then woman Penthesilea, that seemed to bring the hope,
 had stopped Achaeans' assault and quenched their inner impetuosity.
 She bestrewed the plain with dead people and horses. 110
 Others were saved by night and by Poseidon's help.
 She, though, arrived besides the Trojans, full of joy
 bringing a lot of Argives and armours of the dead.

During three days the girl was slaying them,
 during the night she was throwing them into the rapture of the sea. 115
 But when the dark Night came on the fourth day,
 she lied on her bed glorifying her victory
 believing the Argives would be wholly destroyed next day.
 At the exact same moment to Priam and to Penthesilea herself
 Hera had sent a dream, joyless and full of tears, 120
 that great-hearted Penthesilea's destiny was rushed upon.
 Also to Priam seemed that Hector was still alive
 and had taken the shape of the girl and war-lover, as before, he was.
 Priam rejoiced and other tribes of Trojans.
 So, the son of Pilea killed him like before. 125
 And Penthesilea had a similar dream;
 she saw that her mother was watching, great-hearted Otrera;
 she expected to follow some beautiful and vigorous
 bridegroom with lovely hair, as charming and beautiful as her.
 And she would follow willingly; instead of that, another gruesome man, 130
 big and terrible that seemed to touch a pitch,
 while holding a hundred heads, raised up an all-brazen spear;
 he sat upon his horse while looking gentle and kind,
 he seized her hastily and stepped forward to his house.
 Such were the dreams that appeared to them that night. 135

When Erigeneia [Eos] was pulled out of the sea,
 was seated on a chariot and quick horses had pulled her;
 Lampos and Phaethon, they were the two who yoked,
 Pegasus was the newly bought that joined beside them.
 The daughter observed then Penthesilea. 140
 She equipped her and put her helmet on her head,
 a horse, moreover, to shed tears for her and whinny.
 Equipped with those, she saw a baneful omen.
 When she was about to fight against the Argives,
 an eagle got hold of and plucked a pigeon through the clouds, 145
 just like Achilles was about to slay her, sharply and deeply.
 Now truly did the mighty war begin.
 She did attack the Argives next to the river Xanthus.
 The women followed her and war-lovers with bent bows.
 They kept on throwing arrows; a resounding war-cry followed. 150
 She drove against the armoured and shield-bearing men,
 and overtook the horsemen, renowned for their weapons.

While they were fighting alongside with their leaders,
 she wanted to lead the women against the Achaeans. 155
 She seized everybody as if to kill them in the middle,
 she did accomplish everything; all she had in mind;
 Thereafter, though, Aeneas had the troop of horses.
 Deiphobus, on his turn, had the shield-bearing warriors.
 And Paris drove in confusions the robust arrow-holders.
 They wouldn't but they did fight them high-spiritedly, 160
 the Argives fought the Trojans; they had to become murderers;
 Heads of stout men flew hither and thither to the ground,
 of many Danaans and of great-hearted Trojans.
 She, though, was leading her war-loving women;
 She would have surrounded them and destroy everything from the middle. 165
 Achilles, though, thought differently and restrained her impulse;
 As she was about to attack she did, then, apprehend
 that he had turned the first troops to the last and stood there at the end,
 equipped with shields and a few horses,
 waiting to attack with arrows against her unpredictably. 170
 He easily came in front of the arrow-holder queen.
 Across her right side she was hit by a spear.
 She suddenly fell from the horse still breathing, though.
 He left her there and went to chase the others.
 The strong-hearted horsemen readily followed him. 175

 There Hippothoe fell, as well as Antianeira,
 and Toxophone died there and Toxoanassa,
 and beautiful Gortyessa, Iodoce and Pharetre,
 Andro, Ioxeia, Oistrophe and Androdaixa,
 with them Aspidocharme and Enchesimargos, 180
 Cnemis and Thorece, Chalcaor and Eurylophe,
 Hecate, Anchimache and Andromache the queen.
 All these great Amazon daughters fell there,
 leaders and queens; many and unspeakable were they.
 When the Trojans saw the Amazon queens 185
 being slayed by the hands of great-hearted Argives,
 they didn't have any spirit left in their bodies.
 They put their knees, their wrists and feet on horses
 and left wherever they could; they were chased from behind
 by the great-hearted Argives; they were walking upon dead bodies. 190
 Some of them managed to pass the wall of Troy,
 and those who remained outside the wall were taken captive.
 They shared the Amazons among themselves and everyone took one of them.

 But when the blood-reeking battle of this war was over,
 they went back to find Penthesilea. 195
 She was still struggling against the coming death.
 Her beauty was sparkling while she was having her hindmost breath.
 She didn't even have breasts as she was still unwedded.
 The son of Aecus was shedding tears and begging all his companions
 to make a tomb to pay funeral honours to this woman. 200
 The first one to respond was Thersites.
 The son of Peleus was shedding tears, as it was proper,
 for the daughter's youth and prowess and the exquisite beauty.

Thersites on the other side was committing lewd and disgraceful deeds against her.
 Achilles hit him on the forehead and took away his life. 205
 The son of Tideus then, angry because of Thersites,
 threw Amazon Penthesilea in the direction of Scamander;
 there her soul abandoned her, into the river of Scamander.
 This version does not please Triphiodorus and others,
 that Penthesilea was thrown into the river Xanthus, 210
 or has been killed and buried with due honours by Achilles.

A second woe fell upon the Trojans.
 The Argives sent them miserable breath through this battle;
 only for a short period of time they stayed away from battle.
 Memnon had come from the land of Ethiopia. 215
 Phoenix and Polydamas who chased a lot of warriors,
 foot-soldiers as well as horsemen, so many as the sand and dust,
 light troops and heavy-armed, those bearing stones and targets,
 the protected ones and the unfortified and great-hearted Tarentines
 fighting with spears, and archers were there. 220
 All these were fit for battle, but many more were needed.
 During the night came Indians sailing the salty sea,
 bringing ships with them of gold and silver.
 Those who had followed on the ships were countless; inside they were
 long ships of burden with lots of horses along with carriage, 225
 and other sorts of ships; they quickly disembarked.
 Troy didn't take them in, nor other Trojan soil.
 They had to place guards everywhere,
 after they ate, they fell to bed in a whole night delightful sleep.

When Erigeneia, of white complexion, came 230
 they habitually stood up; clamorous noise had started.
 Wild-hearted Arab horses of arched neck
 were being rubbed down while neighing and prancing. Oh so big!
 But then from Troy, from Priam's palace,
 strong Memnon, the son of Erigeneia, left quickly 235
 and Phoenix and Polydamas and the kings of the Indians.
 Dardanians and Trojans and other Trojan tribes
 were going down the plain; lots of people were straitened.
 Strong hearted hero Memnon was standing upon a chariot,
 alongside was Polydamas and the other Indian kings; 240
 Then with the fist of his hand Memnon urged the people
 to arm themselves for war; he rattled their armour.
 The Indians quickly protected as already equipped
 with newly made arms and four-side shields.
 As soon as the Trojans got prepared 245
 they stood up ready to execute each one under his leader.
 The Argives, on the other side, had to prepare as well;
 thereafter the force of the sun had covered all the ground.
 They fought against each other, a lot of din was excited
 between the fighting warriors; everywhere countless dead bodies 250
 in utter confusion on both sides, but most on the Argives.
 The tribes of Indians and great-hearted Arabs were coming
 flowing from everywhere; the Argives being in the middle
 were suffering great pain having their knees weakened.

Nevertheless, they were fighting hard for their own lives 255
 On the one hand the man, plougher of earth, ended up in pain.
 On the other, from the plough's cry started many sufferings.
 This situation -Trojan and Arab- Enyo enjoyed.
 The entire Trojan land was full of dead Achaeans.
 The first one to fall among the Argive kings 260
 by hands of [Memnon] who came against him,
 was great-hearted Antilochus, the mighty son of Nestor.
 Everyone loved him but Achilles most of all.
 For he was hasty, young, brave and of admirable shape,
 in wisdom and in words he was like an old man. 265
 Other Achaean leaders fell as well that day.
 Then everybody was hitting back the Trojans,
 they were driven in confusion and the land was wet from blood.
 At the time when the windy mountain turned into red,
 unspeakable winter-flowing storm of rain was coming; 270
 It was bringing huge rocks and dry pieces of wood,
 heavy crashes of rocks were falling upon the fields,
 carrying everything on its way bringing it to the sea,
 yokes of horses and bulls and houses and farmers
 and everything else reached; helplessness among the countrymen. 275
 Until then the Achaeans were wandering from here to there on the Arab land.
 The dark surface of the earth was covered by red blood.
 The Arabs departed quickly after this big woe,
 there was no expedient, all the Achaeans left.
 Of all only Nestor came face to face with Memnon; 280
 He was grieving his son; his heart was moaning inside him.

 Apart from that, Quintus, who was near, had heard
 what Memnon said to the old man in Arab language.
 But me, because I left for army, [according to Isaac's command,
 who, from the fertile Veroia and Seli, 285
 sent me to become foot-soldier, depriving me of horse
 and of my prudent wife of wise determination, who gave
 to every leper man honours and to those who had sons in battle,
 because she did all it had seemed proper to her.]
 I left and I didn't give heed to what Memnon had inquired. 290

 But when the dark night came upon entire earth,
 the bloody battle of this unyielding war
 would have been stopped by those brave Arab sons;
 swift ships escaped the threat of the Hephaestus.
 The Argives themselves fled from terrible fate. 295
 During the night, all together put on all the equipment they had,
 equipped themselves with all they had; they lost their sleep.
 When Erigeneia, of golden throne, had come,
 they unwillingly stood up and a grievous rivalry burst.
 Memnon had sprang, resembling the son of Gaia, 300
 the witty Typhon; he had such a fear,
 that he would be destroyed that day by the Argives.
 Then he thought to make a sharp noise upon the chariot.
 He rushed exultingly, behind him the warriors were resounding.
 Then, however strong he was, he was wounded 305
 into his strong chest with a sword by the son of Peleus.
 His soul left his body and turned into fume.

Such was the fate of Memnon's life, it's been said.
They also sing about the son of Telamon, the strong hearted
who knew about monstrous fights and abominable doings. 310
Songs have been said about the son of Atreus and the best of the Achaeans, too.

You all go with the tribes of Indians,
but I shall go back to what happened to Memnon.

As I said, he (Nestor) lifted up his marvellous shield
and had upon his shoulders a beautiful sword; 315
On his right hand he had a spear and came face to face with Memnon.
When Memnon saw what was happening, he jumped from his chariot to the ground.
They fall upon each other and a great fight occurred;
They wounded each other while their armours collided.
Just like two bulls on wild mountains, 320
two savages around their herds facing each other.
First of all, they rushed forward from both sides
into rough rocks and high-topped mountains,
challenging each other into ferocious battle,
opening wide their nostrils crying aloud out; 325
And afterwards, they hit each other with their horns,
so that the big sound would be heard till the farthest points of the mountain.
This heavy sounds from the shields of the warriors would arouse the others.
Then Ajax, brave like a lion, attacked him holding a shield,
but pierced his shield so he just leaned against Memnon. 330
Then, in his turn, he raised up in the air his shield
and full of terror lifted up and bent his head towards the strong man.
Then divine Achilles caught his legs from the back
and secretly cut Memnon's throat with a silver sword.
His soul abandoned him; Ajax seized Polydamas 335
the leader of the Phoenicians; the Indian tribes fled away
as they saw both of their kings falling dead.
Suddenly many of them were falling one after another,
all of them by the hands of the Achaeans with the metal armours.
Everyone was panicked from the great rout. 340
The living ones were fleeing in terror from the dead.
The Argives were collecting the nice armours that were left behind
while continued the killings until immortal night had come.
Then in the dark each one of them picked up their dead.
They had Memnon in myrrh and dry, as it is custom in Assyria, 345
the Ethiopian embalmed him and put him in a jar.
They did the same to Polydamas, they brought him afterwards.
Groaning and lamentation fell upon Troy.
The great-hearted Trojans were shut behind their towers,
suffering, groaning and wailing for their companions. 350

They never stopped shedding tears from their eyes.
They came out throwing away the bolts of the gates,
Deiphobus, Paris and the horseman Troilus,
and many more tribes, to fight against the Achaeans.
The latter Achilles had sent to the river Xanthus 355
to continue the killing; as there were, still, many Achaeans left.
They managed to escape the mighty spear of Peleides,
Deiphobus and Paris; but fate had grasped Troilus,
whom the Trojans grieved the same as did for Hector,
for his manhood, his beauty and his blossom of youth. 360

Shall we describe now what Trojan kings looked like,
 including Troilus, the tamer of horses.
 There is Priam with meeting eyebrows and large nose,
 a fiercely glaring, flame-coloured skin and an admirable face,
 well-equipped, with thick hair and beautiful eyes. 365
 Hecuba was of dark skin, tall and pretty,
 of a mature age, ambitious, gentle though.
 Andromache was spirited, of middle age,
 with a long face, delightful; she had dimples on her cheeks when laughed.
 Cassandra had a small bodily frame, like of a man, 370
 whiter than the milk with perfectly round eyes,
 she had huge breasts, a small face and she was gentle.
 Her brother, Hellenus, was well-adapted, tall, with the beard just sprouting,
 white, blond, with a big nose and a pale face.
 He had a soft back, he could escape notice of many. 375
 Deiphobus was in the middle of his youth, with a large face,
 with a small nose and dark skin, beautiful face and well-bearded.
 Aeneas was short but fat and had a big chest.
 He had white skin; he was bold with a large face.
 Antenor was tall, slim and had the skin like the milk, 380
 white, with a curved nose and blond hair.
 And finally, Troilus was big, of quick feet and dark skin,
 with a delightful face, shaggy-bearded and with long hair.
 Achilles killed him beside the river Scamander.

Nevertheless, when the fate came for the war-lover Troilus, 385
 the death of Achilles, the son of Peleus, was near,
 to make an ultimate consolation to Priam.
 To the palace of Priam, divine Achilles
 was coming many times because of the young Polyxena.
 They had promised to give her so that the war would stop; 390
 But when the Trojans went to make their sacrifices to the temple of Apollo,
 they sent Achilles Aeacides as a sacrifice to Ida
 who had been invited to the temple and exceedingly obeyed his fate.
 He came into the temple without his armour or his arms.
 Deiphobus put his hands around him, as to a groom, 395
 while maleficent Paris pushed forcibly a knife inside the man.
 He, who was such a hero, fell so foolishly.
 So this man fell into the hollow by the hands of a kid.
 So many men had hunted him and all the arrows went aside,
 he fell so foolishly, this big strong hero. 400

The killers left immediately the temple and to the city returned.
 Odysseus saw them running quickly to the city;
 He turned to Tydeides and Ajax and said the following:

You, the best of the heroes, sons of famous ancestors,
 come hither to Thymbrus to see abominable doings; 405
 woe's me! The son of Peleus died in the temple of Phoebus.
 It's been a while since the Trojans left for the city.

After saying these Odysseus, the others left running;
 But when arrived at the temple Thymbrus,
 they found the mighty Achilles in the dust, 410
 his last breath was in front of the gates of death.
 When he saw them, he said some final words:

Oh my beloved, it's not wise to wait for my last moment before death,
 neither for my blossomed youth nor for my lovely manhood.

It is not wise to wail, my beloved, nor to grieve. 415
 Because the moment of the death is common fate to everybody.
 Many men die; some in a way, some in another.
 My pain is different, that I have been killed by the maleficent Paris.
 You, nevertheless, for Patroclus and me and the great-hearted Antilochus,
 should make great burials as it is proper. 420
 Put us in golden jars in the temple of Cybele,
 so I wouldn't be apart from my beloved even in death.
 He said this and his last breath left his mighty chest.

Ajax shedding tears lifted the dead upon his shoulders,
 and brought him to the hut, while from behind the Trojans were coming 425
 to snatch away the dead from Ajax.
 However, he brought him to the hut and laid him on the bed.
 He prepared him for burial alongside with the other Achaean leaders.
 Others claim it happened differently; that after death the Trojans had him
 and gave him to the Argives as ransom for taking back Hector. 430
 And then the Achaeans adorned him
 and brought him to his bed to prepare him in order.
 The Argives marched in rows fully equipped,
 in phalanxes, foot-soldiers, all of them shedding tears.
 The Muses were moaning and wailing a boundless cry 435
 with flutes and lyres; while he was lying on the bed
 shinning in his armour; his arms were around the bier.
 Near the bed there were the kings of the Achaeans.
 The horses and the soldiers had marshalled in front of
 the kings of the Argives; there they were under the neck of Achilles 440
 divided in order, almost as if following him.
 His arms were inside a golden jar,
 as well as the bones of Patroclus and Antilochus,
 inside it the Achaeans wanted to put the son of Peleus, as well.
 The Myrmidons, wearing black mantles, from both sides followed. 445
 Everyone had the ashes upon their uncovered heads.
 The captive women, both Trojan and Achaean,
 were beheading in front of the bier; Briseis the Hippodameia,
 who was won by the spear, was crying with a clear voice.

But when they arrived at the funeral pyre, 450
 his companions, who were heroes, put the dead in the middle.
 Nereus' daughters rose up immediately a big wave
 from the sea; the immense ocean started to roar and boil.
 The Achaean heroes were terrified when saw them;
 They fled away wherever their mind took each one of them, 455
 putting their hopes into Cronides, the dark-haired earth-shaker,
 to drive them to the ground alongside with their chariots and horses.
 Nestor held them back and tried to diminish everyone's panic.
 The Nereids passed by Sigeion and Thetis with them,
 they stroke the dead with force and reached immediately the bottom. 460
 The heroes that were there
 exhaled a divine fragrant breath, just like the gods.
 When the scorching fire devoured the son of Peleus,
 they put him with Patroclus and with great-hearted Antilochus,
 the best of the Argives, at the farthest point of Sigeion, 465
 in a golden jar, and above it they made a tomb.
 In there they had already put Patroclus.

So let me describe what I have heard they looked like.
 There was the glorious son of the noble Peleus,

tall, of a beautiful chest, graceful in everything, white, of blond curly and thick hair. He had a big nose, melodious voice and the eyes of a woman. His glance was terrible, in a race was swift-footed; he had long legs and scanty beard.	470
Patroclus was middle-aged, potbellied and well-bearded. He had blond hair, red skin and lovely face. Antilochus was younger than the other Achaeans. Almost a boy, he was white, with a beautiful neck and a big nose. He was storm-footed, provoked fear with his eyes and a beard just sprouting. He was blond with beautiful hair and grey eyes.	475 480
The divine Panachaeans buried them with due honours. They put the arms of Achilles so the best of them could have them. Odysseus and Ajax, after standing up, they wrangled. They would accomplish the oracle, they would bring evil to Troy. The Trojan sons were chasing the Achaeans with spears. They judged them both at the same time, the same was the will of the Danaans. They gave the charming arms to the son of Laertes. To say in defence of Ajax, he was related to many sorrows for the Trojans. Ajax was in a big distress because of the arms. He entered his hut and put an end to his stout life. Thus he died; they prepared to him a tomb next to Rhoiteion. Now hear what this hero looked like, as well. He was brave, great, quick, with a nice nose and curly hair; He had a dark skin; he was well-bearded and grim-looking. He was more beautiful than everybody, except for Achilles.	 485 490 495
The third day after the burial of Achilles, the great-hearted Achaeans buried Ajax, too. Then Polyxena, the daughter of Priam left the house during the night and fled away from her beloved parents to mourn and cry over the tomb of Peleides. The beautiful young girl fell down on the noble bridegroom. From the bed, where she went by herself, death grasped her. Flavius says this; Euripides says it differently.	 500
Now learn about how I would describe her. She had a beautiful aspect and a really long neck; she was tall and white; She had small feet, beautiful breasts and lips like flowers, so outstanding. She was eighteen years old, the age of the youth. So that's how the girl died, in this way or the other.	 505
After these Aeacides and Argives died, the Trojans suffered in defending against the Achaeans in this war. Their ears were filled with oracles; a rumour threatened them; If anyone ever managed to get the statue of Pallas out of Troy, Troy, the city of wide streets, would fall under their sword. During the night Odysseus along with the son of Tydeus, that very night they grasped and brought quickly Antenor; He was beloved to them, as well as his wife, a priestess of the gods. It was expected now Troy to be destroyed by the Danaans.	 510 515
Eurypylus, ally of the Trojans, immediately arrived, the great-hearted Telephides, the charming king of Mysia. He killed a lot of Argives, as the son of Asclepius Machaon, a hero healer and handsome man. That's according to Quintus, while Orpheus in his songs said differently.	 520

Then godlike Neoptolemus from Scyros
 arrived to the Argives, whom they were happy to see.
 Here is what this young boy looked like. 525
 He had red hair, that's why many had called him Pyrrhus.
 He was of young age, white or somewhat grey, the colour of the milk;
 He had beautiful nose and chest, hair curly and was daring;
 He hadn't ever been hurt, embittered, reckless and of a too wild temper;
 Thin tiny hair was growing from his beard. 530
 He heard from Thetis that his father had been murdered.
 Some say that Odysseus had brought him from Scyros
 as a consequence of an oracle or prophecy, or had gone by himself.
 They gave him even his father's golden arms.
 Firstly, he made a sacrifice at his father's tomb when arrived. 535
 He cut his hair and dedicated his golden hair to him,
 alongside with the hair of his ancestors he had brought from home,
 of his mother Deidamia and his first-born sons.
 There is a rumour that he even offered as a sacrifice his tears.
 To his hut, afterwards, Atreides had invited him. 540
 He gave him gifts and sent him to Achilles' hut.
 There Briseis showed him all his father's staff,
 like things she had spun for him; she saw him like a beloved son;
 he honoured her as a mother and held her by his side.

 When he stopped from labour his quick-moving limbs, 545
 he clothed all his body with his father's golden armour,
 he mounted a chariot along with his companion Automedon,
 he was in the middle resembling the dark-coated Ares.
 The Myrmidons and the Argives marshalled on both sides.
 He was the first to show his father's arms and horses to the Trojans. 550
 They withdrew their forces when they saw him and speechlessness overcame them.
 When they saw him, they immediately thought it was Achilles.
 The Myrmidons and the Argives were plundering from behind.
 He slayed Melanippus, the brave leader
 of Mysia, the beloved son of Helorus Histriades. 555
 And then he killed his first cousin, too, Alcedamas,
 the son of the swift-footed and high-spirited Acteus.
 He killed the son of Telephus, the intemperate son of Astyoche,
 who was bearing himself proudly, since he was the leader.
 When he saw his companions being destroyed 560
 the great-hearted son of Telephus, that mighty reckless hero,
 he attacked Neoptolemus in the battle with his spear.
 Then Achilles' son took away his arrogant heart
 and pushed the spear into his strong mighty chest.
 That's how he died; the others fled in terror because of this man's fall. 565
 The other leaders of Mysia fell as well by Neoptolemus.
 The others, though, as a hurricane of dust in the air
 and a whirlwind had lifted them up and made them disperse.

 When the Trojans saw these evil baneful acts,
 they went inside the towers in order to kindle the dead. 570
 Then the noble prophet Hellenus being driven by divine frenzy
 was brought to Odysseus and told to the Argives what they had to do.
 He walked alone, all by himself, bewitching.
 Just like Orpheus, inspired by a stone
 of iron that reveals things about the men; Troy was built from such ones. 575
 He said they should bring Philoctetes quickly from Lemnos,
 also to bring quickly the bones of Pelops from Elis;

Only after this it was meant the city of Troy to fall by the Achaeans.
They performed as prophetic Hellenus had said.

Afterwards, the hero son of Poeas came from Lemnos. 580

He was tall, beautiful, of dark skin and with meeting eyebrows;
He brought bows for causing groans, his legs were weakened by a wound.
Machaon made him safe and sound healing the wound from the serpent.
According to Quintus, he died by Eurypylus' throw.

Straightway, that mighty son of Poeas, 585

called the Trojans in battle, because that was his will,
to start shooting with bows; Paris' destiny was guided by him.
He was foolishly coming against him.

He threw an arrow but missed Philoctetes.

The latter threw an arrow more eagerly. 590

With the first one he hit Paris into his hand.

The second one he sent it to his eyes; his right eyeball
went out; he threw a third one making a lot of noise,
he bent his bow and hit, he did not miss.

The Trojans lifted him up; he had died in the middle of the night. 595

With him, his former wife Oenone had died, due love for him.

In fire, according to Quintus, or from the towers, according to Lycophron,
or hung herself, as Dictys well described.

The conclusion is that she died, in this way or the other.

Deiphobus became the husband of Helen, the daughter of Tyndareus; 600

He grasped her without her will or according to Priam's consent.

The Argives didn't see anymore any joy in the battle.

During the night, they sent Odysseus to spy on the Trojans.

Tydeus' son followed him; when they got there, they mixed with the Trojans.

They were making sacrifice to the gods; there was no fire in the temples, 605
but meat of bulls and goats were falling upon altars.

When the Trojans saw the ill-omened signs from the sacrifices,
they sent divine Antenor as an ambassador to the Argives
to tell Atreides and the other Danaans

that they would give away Helen from Argos and money a lot 610
so that the war would stop; sufficiently enough for Trojan's value.

When he arrived he said this and the Achaeans agreed.

But Odysseus and the son of Tydeus returned and held them back.

They said what they had seen when, during the night, were mixed with Trojans.

They all held back (...) they had been ambassadors to no purpose. 615

The Achaeans said they should show mercy to the city of Troy.

I don't know clearly if ever the Trojans had Odysseus

as an ambassador that very night or another;

Nor if Hecuba had kept him and let him go away.

Nevertheless, the wily wife of Isaac 620

afflicted me with great pain, although she favoured the leprous
because she had them always in her mind.

But I was not persuaded, even if it was to gain profit.

Because of that, I have trouble remembering well 625
when the Trojans received Odysseus in the city of Troy.

There is one thing I know well and precisely will recount,
that he was ill-judging, promoting only deceit,
even a coward man, enjoying being in war.

They sent ambassadors now to the Trojans;

Then, the crooked-minded Odysseus thought to enter Troy secretly. 630

So he commanded the preparation of a big wooden horse.

Then Epeius, Aecus' descendant, the expert said:
This is a task of mine, you should just bring me the wood.

The man said that; the others fulfilled the task.
when they had brought all the necessary wood, 635
he made a huge horse with his miraculous hands.
They covered it with gold and silver, beautifully in order.
They, also, decorated it with sparkling stones.
It had the belly wide; many could fit in there.
The belly had a secret door; inside the feet would bend. 640

He finally accomplished this huge destructive task.
In there twenty three brave war-lover men could fit.
Firstly, Neoptolemus, Diomedes and Cyanippus,
Idomeneus, Menelaus and the strong son of Oeleus,
Calchas, Teucer and Thrasymedes the son of Nestor, 645
Eumelus, Leonteus and the killer of Eurypylus,
Demophon, Acamas and Anticlus who died inside the horse,
Peneleos, Meges and Antiphates was with them,
Iphidamas, Euridamas and someone called Amphidamas,
with them Epeius and exceedingly wise Odysseus. 650

Shall I tell what the other minor Atreides looked like,
then I should retell everything, in order this time.
There was mighty Agamemnon, the king of the men.
He was white, big, of a wide chin and dark hair.
He was well-bearded, well-educated, resembling the blessed ones. 655
His brother had the bodily frame smaller; he had a breadth, though.
He had a red skin, dense beard and blond hair.
Nestor was big, had a nose looking downwards and a fiercely glaring.
He had a long face, flame-coloured skin, blond hair and he was wise.
Idomeneus was quick, had a dark skin, of middle age. 660
He had a short curly hair, wide chin and beautiful nose.
Meriones was short; he had wide shoulders and beautiful curly hair.
He was white; he had crooked nose, nice chin, wide face.
Locrus was tall and had bright eyes.
He was nice, had long face and dark curly hair. 665
Calchas was small, white, thin and shaggy-haired.
He had his hair grey in the front and white the rest of it.
Tydeus' son had body that was worth of four young men.
He was in good shape with a flat nose, narrow neck and blond hair.
There was Epeius, too, who crafted the wooden horse. 670
He was white, at a good age, tall, charming with a beautiful face.
Also, Odysseus, middle-aged, pot-bellied,
white, with plain hair, nose looking down and fiercely glaring.
He got upon the wooden horse lastly, after the others
and closed the door behind him; horrible things had followed. 675

When those stout-hearted were ambushed,
the mighty sons of other heroes
set burning fire to destroy the huts completely.
Supposedly returning home, they drove with roars
to the seashore of Tenedos; they left Sinon in Troy, 680
all naked and with wounds on his body made by himself.
That helped the plan of the Achaeans to be accomplished.
The treachery plan of the Achaeans occurred by dawn.

When beautiful Eos showed up and brought light to the mortals,
Trojans woke up and saw the baneful facts. 685

When they went where formerly Achaeans were,
 they saw what had happened and couldn't believe it.
 Sinon, the crafty counsel, run towards them full of wounds.
 The mild old man then asked him who and whence he was.
 And he mischievously reversed the whole truth. 690

I am one of the Danaans and the Danaans made me like this;
 they thought I was helper of yours, just like Palamedes.
 They made this wooden horse dedicated in honour of Athena.
 They said she'd send destructive day to Trojans
 unless you take this and build a temple for Athena. 695

He said this; the old man offered him garment that glittered.
 The Trojans dragged the huge horse into the city.
 The silly ones; they didn't realise they were urging their destruction.
 Flutes and lyres were roaring boundlessly.
 Tryphiodorus didn't know when Troy was sacked, 700
 and I, like others, would have cheated if I said;
 Because Isaac had deprived me of honour.
 That he had put flowers around the horse in the river
 during the winter, I am doubting.
 As Orpheus had taught me, what I have heard from another man 705
 and is false, never should tell such a story to men.
 But about this I will tell and unfinished won't leave.

When Cassandra heard they were bringing the horse,
 she cried with thrilling voice to break it into pieces and set it fire,
 not to bring into the city this born plague, monstrous and wrong. 710
 As she was shouting, her father tied her in the towers;
 she was like crazy; while she was lamenting, she fell.
 Laocoon was the only one to attack the wooden horse.
 He had lost his brave son from serpent's teeth.
 They brought the horse in the temple of Athena in the evening. 715
 But when they rowed the sacrifice into the altar,
 everywhere in the city there were messengers of death.
 Dionysus, who was weighing down the limbs, roared; Enyo rejoiced.

But when eternal sleep fell upon everybody
 and it was middle of the night and moon was shinning in the sky, 720
 then Sinon showed the fire to his Danaan companions.
 They put it into motion and pulled it using roars.
 After arriving quickly, they stepped outside the horse.
 Then wailing and lamentation spread among the men,
 the men and women and new-born babies 725
 who were killed during the night around their bowls and beds.
 The entire sea had big waves full of blood.
 The wind was strong. Ares was swimming upon blood and dust.
 Then Menelaus along with other noble men
 approached the house of Deiphobus and killed him. 730
 He took away the crying daughter of Tyndareus.
 Aecus' descendant Neoptolemus killed Priam
 upon the fence of Zeus' big beautiful altar.
 Terrible Odysseus pushed Hector's son from the towers.
 Ajax took Cassandra away from Locrus' temple. 735
 Earth received Laodice into her gulf.
 Aeneas and Anchises and Ausonian escaped,
 from whom the strong nation of Latin came into existence.
 Few others escaped from the sons of Achaeans, too.

The others encountered common death, according to their destiny.	740
Only Antenor's family was rescued	
by the Argives; they remembered his friendship	
and put on his door recognisable sign of a leopard-skin.	
When Ares finished his long-standing work,	
all Trojan wealth, as well as gold and silver	745
and Trojan women were shared among Achaeans.	
They offered sacrifices for their dead by the sea shore	
and went upon the sea-swift, darkprowed ships.	
They were heading home through swollen waves and currents.	
Stesichorus has said songs about their homeward journeys.	750
Many died in the sea, others when arrived	
and others many returned to their beloved fatherland.	
That man said songs about this; but my tongue,	
according to the will of the treacherous wife of Isaac,	
is possessed by the lack of bread, and is not singing	755
and cannot suffer the pain in the heart.	
What man would doubt that I'm judging aright	
and that without hard work I said all these to you?	
But you, sons of respectful ancestors,	
are looking for singing again the return of the Argives from other sources.	760
That's why I will retell, using the Muse until the end,	
when the war-lover sons of Achaeans sacked Troy.	
Before the first round of the Olympic Games	
the immense period of time of four hundred	
and eighty years the Trojan city fell,	765
according to what Diodorus of Sicily said in his History;	
But I recounted them in big encircling periods of time.	
Furthermore, I will say the month and day and hour	
of that pitiable year that brought such pain to Troy.	
It was the Thargelion month, the twelfth one,	770
the month that Longinus calls Aeonarion	
and the whole world knows as January.	
It was in the middle of the night, the moon was shining in the sky	
and was entering the road of Virgo among the big stars;	
the Capricorn was in the house of Cronus around the sun.	775
The priestess Callisto was in the renowned Athens	
that awful year. About that particular hour,	
that particular night, Hellanicus from Lesbos has said songs,	
as well as Douris, about how Achaeans seized Troy	
and how they saw mournful return on their way back home.	780